The manner of the death and execution of Arnold Cosbie, for murthering the Lord Boorke, who was executed at Wanswoorth townes end on the 27. of Ianuarie 1591.

With certaine verses written by the said Cosby in the time of his imprisonment, containing matter of great effect, as well touching his life as also his penitencie before his death.

R. 3

Imprinted for William Wright.
1591.

The manner of the death and execution of Arnold Cosbie, for murthering the Lord Booke, who was executed at Wansworth townes end on the 27. of Ianuarie 1591.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The manner of the death and execution of Arnold Cosbie, for murthering the Lord Bourke.

Imediatly after that Arnold Cosbie had receaued iudgement, as you haue before heard, he had his handes fast bound, and by the knight Marshals men was committed vnto the Marshalsey, where he had learned preachers came and conferred with him, shewing him that this life was but fraile and transitorie, and in no sort comparable vnto the life to come, for therein consisted all ioye, pleasure, rest, solace, and continuall comfort and that he might be assured to dwell and liue for euer among the Angels of of God, if so by repentaunce of his former sinnes he would nowe call vpon God, and stedfastly beleeue that by faith in Christ Jesus, he shoulde haue free remission of all his sinnes which from time to time hee had committed. By meanes of which godly conferences, the said Arnold Cosby called to minde the state wherein he had before liued, and in what estate hee now stode, and therewithall comparing the one with the other, &c. seeing his sodaine downefall through his pride and folly before committed, he burst forth into bitter teares and grieuously lamented both his follie and his fall, wishing that he had neuer beene borne to performe an act so detestable, whereby he had lost the fauour of his prince, and good will of his people, not being able to make satisfaction for the least droppe of bloud which he had wilfully wished, neither coulde he euer be pardoned of the hainous sinne which he thereby committed, but onely by the mercie of God which

was ready (as he alleaged) to receiue all penitent sinners that sorrowed for their offences euen from the bottome of their hearts. Thus meditating vpon the New Testament, and hauing continuall conference with those that came to comfort him, he sometime red and sometime wrote such things as might best content his woefull mind: vntill Wednesday about nine of the clocke in the morning, at which time he was conueyed from the Marshalsey in a cart vnto Wansworth townes ende, where vppon a high hill a gibbet was set vp, and being brought thither by the knight Marshals men, he was taken from the cart, and placed at the foot of the said hill, where at his comming he found the Earle of Dsmond, with manie knightes, captaines and Gentlemen, who came to see him suffer death, where he found at his comming Doctor Fletcher Lords Bishop of Bristow and Almoner vnto his maiestie, to comfort him against the feare of death, who perswaded him to detest murther and to acknowledge his offence: which he did openly confesse before all the people, and shewed him selfe sorie for the same, as king forgiuenesse both of God and the worlde, and therewithall desired his maiestie to forgiue and forget his offence, so as it might be hereafter no blot or blemish to his kindred or allies. Then after prayers which the prisoner seemed to poure forth from a penitent heart, confessing that he had before committed sundry hainous offences, still calling vpon God to forgiue him euen to the last gaspe, he was turned off from the ladder and there hanged till he was dead, and nowe remaineth in the place hanged vp in chaines, according to his former iudgement.

Arnold

ARNOLD COSBIES

vltimum vale to the vaine world.

An Elegie written by himselfe in the Marshalsea after his condemnation.

BReake heart, be mute my sorrowes past compare,
Cosbie complaine no more, but sit and die,
Teares are no tokens of such dreriment,
As thy true griefe poures to the angrie heauens,
The heauens offended with thy foule misdeeds,
O great Commander of this glorious round,
The workmanship of thine immortall hand,
Thou that doest ride vpon the Cherubins,
And tunest the deepes in dreadfull harmonie,
Cast downe thine eie vpon a wretched soule,
And from thy throne of grace great Iacobs God
Raine mercie on me, miserable man,
Falne into snares of sinne and shamefull death,
From thee sweete Sauiour, Sauiour of the world.
O world, vaine world, vnconstant, & vnkind,
Why hast thou bred me, nurst me, brought me vp,
To see this daie of sorrow and of shame:
Cosbie complaine. Captaines and men of warre,
With whom I whilome spent my carlesse daies,
Daies dated but to this, to end in shame,

Farewell, adieu to you and all the reſt
That followe armes: and armes and life adieu,
From armes and life I paſſe drencht in the pit
Digde by my deſperate hands: hands full of bloud.
Bleed heart to thinke what theſe accurſed hands
Haue perpetrated, Pardon heauen and earth,
And gentle Lord miſled by my amis,
Fouly by me ſent to thy longeſt home,
O pardon Cosbies cruell minde,
His minde enraged, and gentle bloud by wrath
And furie tainted and empoiſoned.
VVhy do I kill my doefull dying heart,
VVith ſad rehearſall of this heauie chance.
O death rocke me aſleepe, Father of heauen
That haſt ſole power to pardon ſinnes of men,
Forgiue the faults and folly of my youth,
My youth miſſpent in waſt and wantonnes,
And for ſweete Ieſus ſake forgiue my ſoule,
Fouly defild with this aboue the reſt,
This wickednes, this hard vnworthie deed.
And laſtly you whoſe fame I haue defi'd,
My kin, my Countrie men, friends and alies,
Pardon, ô pardon, ſuch as men to men
Can giue, I beg for wronging you in all,
For ſhaming you in this my wretched end,
The fruitles crop, the meed of my deſerts

My

My bad, my baſe deſertes, ſweete Friends forget,
Frends, countrie men, and kinsfolkes all forget,
My name, my face, my fact, ô blot me out,
Out of the world, put me out of your thoughts,
Or if you thinke, o thinke I neuer was,
Or if you thinke I was, thinke that I fell,
Before ſome forte, ſome holde in Belgia,
VVith this ſuppoſe beguile your ſorrowes friends,
Thinke that I fell before the Canons mouth,
Euen in mine honors heigth that bleſſed day,
VVhen in aduancement of my name, I left
My countries enemie in his baſe reuolt:
A wretched man to talke of honors heigth,
Fallen ſo baſely into the pit of ſhame,
The pit of death: my God, my God forgiue me,
Next to my God, my countrie pardon me,
VVhoſe honor I haue ſtained and lawes infringe
And thou my ſoueraigne Miſtris and my Queene,
Bright ſtarre of Englandes globe, forgiue my fact,
Nor let it touch thy Royall Princely hart,
That Cosbie hath miſdone ſo hainouſly.
The circle of my time is compaſſed,
Arriued to the point where it began.
*W*orlde, countrie, kin, and friends farewell farewell,
Flie thou my ſoule to heauen the hauen of bliſſe,
O bodie beare the ſcourge of thine amiſſe.